

## JOHN'S DAUGHTER.

"You will care for my child! You will not let my little one suffer!" My old friend and college chum, John Harmon said this as he wrung my hand. I repeated my promise that in my home, where there was a nursery full of little ones, Susie Harmon should hold a daughter's place.

We were standing on the wharf waiting for the signal that was tin for my friend to step aboard an out-going California steamer. He had lost his wife within the year, and soon after was beggared by a fire that totally destroyed the cotton-mills in which he had held the position of superintendent for ten years. With his home desolate, his purse empty, he resolved, as many a man had done before him, to seek his fortune in the modern El Dorado, and dig for gold in his mines.

The only drawback to this scheme was the difficulty of taking his 3-year-old daughter, who had been in the care of hired nurses since her mother died. I, who shared every thought of John's mind, talked with my wife, and found her eagerly willing to take care of the little one.

"I am sure I loved Mary as well as you love John," she said, "and there is no one can have a stronger claim upon the child than we have."

So, sure of her cordial welcome in our nursery, I made John the offer of a home for his little one, and it was accepted as lovingly as it was offered. This care removed, my friend hastened his preparations for departure, and I accompanied him to New York and saw him off.

The next morning I returned home to find Susie almost inconsolable, crying perpetually for "papa to come to Susie."

My wife was distracted at the failure to comfort this childish sorrow, and our own three children looked on wonderingly at—

"Naughty Susie, who cried and cried," after mamma told her to be quiet.

Fortunately Susie was accustomed to see me, to snuggle in my arms when I talked to John, to associate me with her father, and she allowed me to comfort her. In time this violent grief wore away and the child became very happy in our care. My business, that of a hardware merchant, being very prosperous, we did not feel the additional expense of the child's support a burden; and as the years wore by she was as dear to us as our own little ones.

But she understood always that she was not our child, but had a dear father who loved her fondly, and was away from her only to make a fortune for her. As soon as she was old enough she had her father's letters read to her, and her first efforts at penmanship were letters to "papa."

John wrote often for ten years, recounting his varying success, sometimes sending money to buy presents for Susie. He was winning fortune slowly, not at the mines, where his health broke down, but in the employ of a San Francisco merchant, and some speculations in real estate.

He was not a rich man, he wrote, after an absence of ten years, but prospering, when he purposed paying us a visit. He wrote hopefully of seeing his child, perhaps of taking her home with him, setting no definite time, but leading us to expect soon to see him. Then his letters ceased, and he did not come. I wrote again and again. Susie wrote. No answers came to either one or the other. We did not know the name of his employer, and after nearly two years more passed we sadly thought he must be dead.

It might have seemed to many, unnatural for Susie to grieve so deeply as she did for a father almost unknown to her in reality, but she was a girl of most sensitive feelings, with a tender, loving heart, and we had always kept her father's name before her, striving to win him a place in her fondest affection. That we had succeeded only too well was shown by her sorrow, when week after week passed and there was no good news from California.

When we had really lost all hope, it became Susie's great pleasure to sit beside me and ask me again and again for the stories I remembered of her father's boyhood and youth, his college life, our many excursions, and above all, of his marriage and the gentle wife and mother so early called to heaven.

She dearly loved those talks, and no memories were more precious than my description of her father's pain in parting from her, and his desire to win money in California only for her.

Time softened Susie's grief, and at 18 she was one of the sweetest, most winning girls I ever saw. Without being a wonder of erudition, she was well educated, had a fair musical talent, and a sweet, well cultivated voice. She was tall and graceful, and when she was introduced to Joanna, my handsome brunette daughter, both became popular.

Albert and Will, my boys, were older than the girls; Albert in business with me, and Will at college, the winter when Joanna and Susie made their debut.

It would take me quite too long to tell of the pleasures of the young folks during this winter, but Joanna was won from us by a Cuban gentleman, and Susie became, if possible, dearer than ever.

Spring had come, when one evening Albert came into my library, where I was nodding over a book, having worked busily all day. He fussed about the books in a nervous way, quite unlike his usual quiet manner and finally said, abruptly:

"Father, you have often said Susie is as dear to you as one of your own children."

I looked up amazed at this opening speech.

"Well," I asked.

"Will you make her your daughter in fact by giving her to me for a wife?" "Dear!" To think I had become so blind. Susie had in truth become so much one of our children that I was as much astonished as if Albert had fallen in love with Joanna.

I soon found, when Susie's blushes were hidden upon my breast, too, had given away her heart, only too well pleased that no old won the precious gift. When they were married, my child of our adoption, and I house next to our own for old-fashioned ideas about believing it is better

for young married people to live by themselves and assume housekeeping cares.

The new home was a gem of neatness under Susie's dainty fingers, and the spirit of perfect love kept it ever bright. Having been brother and sister for so many years, Albert and Susie thoroughly understood each other's dispositions, and I have never known domestic happiness more perfect than theirs.

Susie's first child, named for her father, John Harmon, was 2 years old, when one morning the mail brought me a letter in an unknown hand from Cincinnati. I opened it, and upon a large sheet of paper found written, in a scrawling hand, three lines:

"Dear Sir: Will you come to me at 47 M— street without letting Susie know."  
JOHN HARMON.

At first I believed it a hoax. John had written a bold, clerk-like hand, clear as print. This was a rascal, straggling all over the paper, uneven as the penmanship of a little child.

But the more I pondered over the matter, the more I was inclined to obey the summons. So pleading business, saying nothing of the letter to any one, I left home by the night train for Cincinnati.

No. 47 M— street, I found to be a boarding-house for the poorest classes, and in a shabby room, half furnished, I found an aged, worn man, perfectly blind, who rose to greet me sobbing.

"Fred," I knew you would come."

"Why, old friend," I said, when surprise and emotion would let me speak, "how is this? We thought you were dead."

"Does Susie think so?"

"Yes. We all gave you up."

"Do not deceive her, Fred. I meant to come home to her rich, able to gratify every desire of her childish heart. Do not let her know that only a blind, sick wreck is left for her to call father. Tell me of her, Fred. Is she well? Is she happy?"

"She is both, John—a happy wife and mother."

"Married! My little Susie?"

"Married to Albert, my son, of whom you may judge when I tell you folks say he is his father over again."

"I would ask no more for my child," said John.

Then in answer to my anxious questions, he told me the story of the years of silence. He was prepared to pay us his promised visit when a great fire broke out in San Francisco, that ruined his employers for the time, and swept away a row of buildings uninsured, in which John had invested all his savings. Worst of all, in trying to save the books of the firm, John was injured on the head by a falling beam and lay for months in a hospital. When he so far recovered to be discharged, his mind was still impaired, and he could not perform the duties of clerk or superintendent while his health was too feeble for manual labor.

"I struggled for daily bread alone, Fred," he told me, "and when I received your loving letters, and Susie's, I would not write, hoping to send better tidings if I waited a turn of fortune's wheel. It never came, Fred. I left California three years ago, and came here, where I was promised the place of foreman in a great pork-packing house. I saved a little money and was hoping for better times, when my health failed again, and this time with it my eyesight. I hoped against hope, spending my savings to have the best advice, and not until I was pronounced incurable would I write to you. I want you to take me to an asylum, Fred; and, as I must be a pauper patient, I must go to my own town. You will take me, Fred?"

"I will take you to an asylum, John," I promised.

"And Susie? You will keep my secret. You will not disturb Susie's happiness?"

"I will not trouble Susie's happiness," I said.

Yet an hour later I was writing to Susie, and I delayed our departure from Cincinnati till an answer came. It was the answer I expected from the tender, loving heart, but I said nothing of it to John.

Caring tenderly for his comfort, I took him on his way homeward. It was evening when we reached the railway depot of our own town, and, as we had been long cramped in the car-seats, I proposed to walk home.

"Is it not too far off?" John asked. "I thought the asylum was a long way from here."

"Oh, the whole place is changed from the little village you left!" I answered.

"We have a great town here now, and your asylum is not very far from here."

He let me lead him then willingly enough, and we were not long in reaching Susie's home. She was alone in the cheerful sitting-room as we entered, but obeyed my motion for silence as I placed John in a great arm-chair, after removing his hat and coat. He looked wretchedly old and worn, and his clothes were shabby, yet Susie's soft eyes, misty with tears, had only love in their expression as she waited patiently to speak.

"John," I said to him, "I had found you in a pleasant home, happy and prosperous, and I had known that Susie was poor, sick and blind, would it have been a kindly act for me to hide her misfortune from you, and passing by your home, to have placed her in the care of charitable strangers?"

"Fred, you would never have done that!" he said, much agitated.

"Never!" I answered. "You are right. But you, John, ask me to take from Susie the happiness of knowing a father's love, the sweet duty of caring for a father's affliction."

"No, no, Fred. I only ask you to put no burden upon her young life, to throw no cloud over her happiness. I am old and feeble; I shall trouble no one long."

"And when you die, you would deprive your only child of the satisfaction of ministering to your wants—take from her her father's dying blessing."

He turned his sightless eyes toward me, his whole face working convulsively.

"Where is she, Fred? You would not talk so if you did not know my child still loves her father?"

"I am here, father!" Susie said, and I stole softly away, as John clasped his child in his arms. Albert was in the dining-room with Johnnie, and I was chatting still with him, when I heard John calling:

"Fred! Fred!"

I hurried to the room to find him

struggling to rise, Susie vainly trying to calm him.

"I want my child!" he cried, deliriously; "you promised me my child!" I saw at a glance that the agitation of the evening had brought back the wandering mind of which he had told me. Albert and I relieved Susie, who left us quickly.

Some finer instinct than we possessed guided her, for she returned with Johnnie, and whispered him to be very good and kiss grandpa, she put him in her father's arms. In a second his excitement was gone and he fondled the curly head, while Johnnie obediently pressed his lips upon the withered cheek. So in a little time they fell asleep, Johnnie nestled in the feeble arms, and the withered face drooping upon the golden curls. We watched them silently, till we saw a shadow pass over John's face, and a change settle there that comes but once in life.

Gently Albert lifted the sleeping child and carried him to the nursery, where Susie and I sat beside the arm-chair.

"Uncle Fred," she whispered, "Albert will go for a doctor. But may I wake him? Let him speak to me once more!"

Even as she spoke John opened his eyes. All the wild look was gone from them as he gazed a moment, till Susie put her hand in his. Then a heavenly smile came upon the wasted lips, and he said softly, tenderly:

"Susie, my own little child, Susie."

And with the name on his lips, John's spirit went to seek an eternal asylum, in which there will be no more poverty, pain or blindness.

Making the Most of the Horse.

(Indianapolis Sentinel.)

In France, when a horse has reached the age of 20 or 30, it is destined for a chemical factory; it is first relieved of its hair, which serves to stuff cushions and saddles; then it is slaughtered and skinned; the hoofs serve to make combs.

Next the carcass is placed in a cylinder and cooked by steam at a pressure of three atmospheres, a cock is opened, which allows the steam to be run off; then the remains are cut up, the leg bones are sold to make knife handles, etc., and the coarser, the ribs, the head, etc., are converted into animal black and glue. The first are calcined in cylinders, and the vapors when condensed form the chief source of carbonate of ammonia, which constitutes the base of nearly all ammoniacal salts. There is an animal oil yielded which makes a capital insecticide and a vermifuge.

To make glue, the bones are dissolved in lactic acid, which takes away the phosphate of lime, the soft residue, retaining the shape of the bone is dissolved in boiling water, cast into squares and dried on nets. The phosphate of lime, acted upon by sulphuric acid and calcined with carbon, produces phosphorus for lucifer matches.

The remaining flesh is distilled to obtain the carbonate of ammonia; the resulting mass is pounded up with potash, then mixed with old nails and iron of every description; the whole is calcined and yields magnificent yellow crystals—prussiate of potash, with which tissues are dyed a Prussian blue, and iron transferred into steel; it also forms the basis of cyanide of potassium and prussic acid, the two most terrible poisons known in chemistry.

Improvement on an Old Job.

(Texas Springs.)

It was on Union square that a man, whose histrionic yelp is well known all over the land, told the following chestnut to the boys: Lord Coleridge, when he visited this country lately, stood with William M. Everts on the banks of the Potomac opposite the city of Washington.

"Do you know, Everts," said his lordship, "I have heard that George Washington was a man of great physical prowess. I was told that he once threw a silver dollar from this spot across the Potomac."

"You must remember my lord," said Everts, "that a dollar would go a great deal further in those days than it would do now."

The gloom that the recital of this old story had thrown over the gang was wafted away by our friend of the long ulster, who said:

"I would suggest that Everts might have said something else."

"What?"

"He might have said: 'I never heard that he threw a silver dollar across the Potomac, but history tells us that he threw an English sovereign across the Atlantic.'"

The Future American.

(W. J. Oshann in The Current.)

Celt, Teuton, Solar, Scandinavian, Anglo-Norman and Saxon, French and Iberian, furnish each his quota in this vast human family, and are carried into the current of American life, adopt with alacrity American habits and manners, and acquire with readiness and facility the language and customs common to the country. In considering the variety and character of this population, drawn from so many different races, and countries, we are naturally brought face to face with the problem: What is likely to be the outcome of this complex union and absorption—this amalgamation of these diverse races and peoples? What will be the mental, social, and moral character and tendencies of the typical American of the future?

A keen European observer, who took note of the characteristics presented by one of the national conventions held in Chicago, remarked that he was struck more than all by the splendid physical majesty of the body he saw before and around him, as well as by the impress of character and manhood stamped upon the faces in the assembly.

Born to Honor.

(Helen Willams in Woman's World.)

Every soul born of woman is born to honor, and only needs to be made conscious of his or her intrinsic worth in order to take courage, and begin to climb to nobler heights than they had ever thought possible to them, poor, crushed and hopeless as they now are.

Treatment of Alcoholism.

In a recent number of The Journal of Inebriety, Dr. Napier shows that farinaceous foods are preferable to all others in the treatment of alcoholism. Maccaroni, beans, dried peas, and lentils, in his opinion antagonize in a marked degree the appetite for alcoholism.

## GEORGE ALLEN BROWN.

FURNITURE  
TO SUIT ALL,  
Hand-Made and Factory

Matresses & Bed-Springs,  
Chairs & Rockers in great variety.



Caskets, Coffins and Burial Robes

Prices cheap as the cheapest.  
Your Custom Solicited.

MARYVILLE  
Normal and Preparatory  
SCHOOL.

FALL TERM BEGINS SEPT. 9, 1894.

Exceptional advantages for those preparing to teach, also for obtaining a good practical Education at very small expense. Location healthful and surroundings pleasant.

Students can obtain board in private families at from \$1.00 to \$2.00 per week, or can board themselves in dormitories at the school almost as cheap as at home.

For further information address

TIMOTHY WILSON,  
Principal,  
Maryville, Tenn.



CHENEY ANVIL & VICE CO.  
Detroit, Mich.

Geo. E. Brown & Co.  
AURORA, ILL.

CLEVELAND BAY & ENGLISH DRAFT HORSES, and Angles and Exmoor PONIES. Also HOLSTEIN CATTLE.

100 head to select from, and many more on hand. We have a large stock of seed corn, and all other goods at low prices. Write for catalogue.

25-26t



PERCHERON HORSES.

All Stock Registered in French and American Stud Books. SEND FOR CIRCULAR. GEO. W. STUBBLEFIELD & CO., Bloomington, Ill.

SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN  
The most popular Weekly newspaper devoted to science, mechanics, engineering, discovery, inventions and patents ever published. It contains the latest and most valuable information in all the sciences and arts, and is a most valuable reference work for all who are engaged in any of these pursuits. It is published weekly, except on Sundays and public holidays, and is sold by all newsdealers. Price, 10 cents per copy. Single copies, 5 cents. Yearly, \$5.00 in advance. Foreign, \$6.00. Sent by mail, postpaid.

PATENTS.

Munn & Co. have also a large stock of seed corn, and all other goods at low prices. Write for catalogue.

25-26t

Insolvent Notice.

The Insolvency of the estate of J. J. Hudgens, dec'd, having been suggested by the Administrator to the Clerk of the County Court, therefore, all persons having any claims against said estate must file the same properly authenticated as required by law, on or before the 1st day of April, 1895, or the same will be forever barred.

This December 31, 1894.

F. P. WALKER,  
Administrator of the Estate of J. J. Hudgens, Deceased.

1-4t

## J. M. GREER & CO.

Keep on hand at all times a large and well-assorted line of  
**GENERAL HARDWARE,  
STOVES.**

**Pumps and Tinware**

Will give special attention to the Wholesale Trade, and

**GUARANTEE KNOXVILLE PRICES**

On anything in their line. They have made arrangements to buy direct from the Manufacturers at Jobbing Prices, and they will not be undersold. So don't fail to give them a call, or write for prices. Are Sole Agents for the celebrated

McCormick Reaping and Mowing Machines

—ALSO—

FRICK & CO'S SAW MILLS AND THRESHERS, VICTOR OLIVER HULLER, KEMP & BURPEES' MANURE SPREADER, McSHERRY GRAIN DRILL, THOMAS & COATES' HAY RAKES.

—AND—

THE ONLY GENUINE OLIVER CHILLED PLOWS AND MALT DOUBLE SHOVELS.

Champion, Monitor and Early Bird Cooking Stoves, Buckeye Cider Mills, Cane Mills and Cook Patent Evaporators.

**J. M. GREER & CO.,**

Maryville, Tenn.

## CHAS. PFLANZE,

—MANUFACTURER AND DEALER IN—

**All Kinds of Furniture, Hand and Machine-made.**

Fancy Articles, Looking Glasses, Latest Styles, Low Prices.

Articles as good and prices as low as any house in the State.

In the undertaking line his stock is complete, from the plain popular and walnut coffin up to the handsome Burial Case and Casket, etc. Furnished at any time and hour.

25-26t

ANCHOR

Woolen Mills

—MANUFACTURERS OF

CASSIMERES, SATNETS, JEANS, LINSEYS, FLANNELS, BLANKETS, Yarns, And all kinds of Woolen Goods.

On account of our continually increasing trade, we have greatly increased facilities, by additions to our building and machinery. Having the latest improvements in machinery and employing the most skilled labor in the country

We are prepared to furnish the public with the very best goods at lowest price, It shall be our aim to do first-class work and deal squarely with those who favor us with their patronage. Special attention given to CARDING and SPINNING and all CUSTOM WORK.

HANNA & THORNE, Proprietors,  
Maryville, Tenn.

## WALKER'S MILL.

WORK PROMPTLY DONE.

Flour, meal and Feed delivered to order.

26-6mo

BOOTS & SHOES.

C. B. WILLIS

Manufactures Superior Boots and Shoes by hand. French Calf Boots a specialty.

POTTERY.

William Grindstaff

—Manufacturing all kinds of—  
CROCKERYWARE,

Murphy's mill,

Such as Crocks, Jars, Jugs, Flowerpots and Tiles.

Orders solicited and filled promptly. Address Wm. Grindstaff, Huffstetler P. O.

Sept. 26, 1894.

26-11

Insolvent Notice.

The Insolvency of the estate of J. J. Hudgens, dec'd, having been suggested by the Administrator to the Clerk of the County Court, therefore, all persons having any claims against said estate must file the same properly authenticated as required by law, on or before the 1st day of April, 1895, or the same will be forever barred.

This December 31, 1894.

F. P. WALKER,  
Administrator of the Estate of J. J. Hudgens, Deceased.

1-4t